

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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ONLY A BUSINESS MAN.

By MAY DRYDEN.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE three girls waiting at the Holme heard the noise of the Pardborough party returning past the gate. They listened until the tumult died away, and then began to watch for the home-coming of their men-folk, straining their ears to catch the first sound of their steps on the gravel.

From the upper windows they could see that the fire in the Hollow was already dying down, and drew the just conclusion that the mills had escaped this time.

They opened the front door, and let the light from the hall-fire shine out into the night, whilst they hung about the door-steps with anxious, pale faces, peering out into the darkness. Then they wandered thence to the study, where Clarence had superintended the laying out of an ample and dainty meal, adding first one comfort and then another to their preparations.

They said very little to each other, only now and again uttering vain conjectures as to what might be detaining their brothers. When, at last, they heard the click of the garden-gate, they realised from their relief how intense the strain of waiting had been.

Clarence ran down the steps to meet them, and then, as she saw Gordon lying in Luke's arms, staggered back and almost fell.

"Luke—Luke!" she cried, "is he hurt?"

Luke's heart beat fast as he answered, calling her by her name as she had called him by his for the first time:

"Not seriously, Clarence," adding as he deposited his burden in a big armchair in the study: "More shaken, and bruised, and

generally knocked up than seriously hurt, I hope. Are you not, old fellow?"

"Yes," answered Gordon. "Don't be frightened, Clarence. The doctor has patched up this hole in my forehead, and I shall soon be all right."

But, in spite of his assertion, Clarence was alarmed. She did not like to see her brother so excited. Mark, too, whispered to her that the doctor had said he was to be got to bed at once. She took command of the situation immediately.

"Mr. Carfield," said she to Luke, "there is a fire in my brother's room; will you help him up, please? Mark wants to go to bed, too, don't you, Mark? We will hear all about it in the morning."

"Directly, Clarence—directly," said Gordon irritably; then: "I thought Phoebe was with you. Where is she?"

Phoebe stepped forward and stood by his chair.

"Phoebe," said he, "I want you to go to Deborah. Do you understand?"

"Now? To-night? Is she hurt then?"

"Yes; she saved my life, they tell me. I wish they had not told me, Phoebe. But there is only Minnie there, such a silly child, and her mother cannot know. Go to her, and—"

His speech failed him, his head fell back on the chair again. He had fainted, which was probably the best thing that could have happened to him.

Luke lifted him again in his arms and carried him up to his bed, and then undressed him and laid him in it as tenderly as a mother would her little child. Indeed, the pity and affection which brought the tears to the strong man's eyes as he hung over the frail and wasted form were akin to what Gordon's mother might have felt for him. The strongest, and best, and gentlest men are those who have something

of the woman's nature mingling with their sterner qualities. Luke was so big and strong himself, that all his protective instincts were called forth by weakness and suffering.

Gordon opened his eyes as Luke laid his head on his pillow, and looked at him with a somewhat puzzled but very contented expression. Luke smoothed the bed-clothes about him, and spoke to him quietly:

"You will go to sleep now, will you not? There is nothing to be done or thought of to-night."

"No, not to-night—to-morrow."

"You will rest, then? You can if you will, you know. Go to sleep."

"Yes."

Gordon smiled, turned his head on the pillow, and fell asleep like a tired child before he had time to do more than feel grateful for being ruled by this calm, commanding nature. Luke left the room quietly, and outside the door met Clarence. He stopped her, standing right in front of her, and taking both her hands with a firm grasp into his.

"No need to go in, dear," said he: "he is asleep."

"Asleep!" Clarence raised her eyes to his with a thankful look.

"How did you manage that?"

"I told him to go to sleep, and he went."

"Do people always do as you bid them, Mr. Carfield?" said Clarence, moving a little back and trying to disengage her hands. For answer he gathered them both into his right hand and laid his left on her shoulder, looking straight into her eyes, and compelling an answering gaze.

"Not always, but generally, Clarence," said he. "My child, will you do as I tell you?"

"How can I help it?"

"Do you want to help it?"

"No."

"Then, Clarence, be my wife."

She made no answer, and he drew her close to him, and kissed her once or twice. Then she turned quickly, caught his hand, and pressed it to her lips, and, breaking from him, ran away, leaving him standing lost in wonder at his own happiness.

Presently, however, he gave himself a shake, and went slowly downstairs, trying to remember where he was, and, in spite of love, strongly reminded by his bodily sensations of the lateness of the hour and the exertions he had lately made.

In the study he found Clarence kneeling on the floor with her arms round Phoebe, and saw at once that the latter understood what had passed. Clarence sprang up as he entered the room.

"Good-night," said she. "Good-night and good-bye. No," as he approached her, "you shall not say another word to me to-night. I will be obeyed sometimes."

She embraced Phoebe warmly, and then turned and ran away, leaving the sleepy and bewildered servants to let the brother and sister out.

"By the way," said Luke, stopping in the drive, and drawing his hand across his eyes, "was not Matty there? We must go back for her, little woman."

"Do you think I would have left her? She is all right, dear. Dick took her home half an hour ago."

"Oh! Ah yes. A nice lad that—very nice lad. Why, where are you going, Phoebe?"

"Down to Deborah's cottage, Luke. You know he told me to go."

"Not to-night, my dear. You are tired and worn out. Come home to-night; you shall go to-morrow."

"To-morrow there may be no need."

"Phoebe, she is not dying. She will recover. You must come home, my dear little sister."

"I will not!" There was a sharp ring of pain in her voice—a tone as though she had been tried almost more than she could bear.

Luke looked at her in astonishment. He hardly recognised the usually submissive Phoebe. She was astonished by her own vehemence.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" cried she. "But, Luke, I must go. Don't hinder me, dear. I do as you say almost always, you know. Let me have my way to-night. He told me to go. I could not bear it if he thought I would not do what he wanted."

"Why, Phoebe, my little sister," said Luke, putting his arm around her, "of course you shall go. Don't tremble so, dear; I would not stop you from doing anything you wanted to do so much. Least of all to-night, my darling."

Phoebe clung to him, trembling, and trying to check the sobs that rose in her throat.

"Come now," he went on; "you must command yourself, you know, or you will be of no use."

"Yes," she said, making a great effort, and speaking quietly.

Then, as they walked on, she spoke again:

"It will not be for long, Luke, I am sure. Mrs. Leighton is a more capable woman than Mr. Fenchurch knows. I would not mind, only it may be the last time he will ask me to do anything for him. Next week he will perhaps have no right to want me to do anything."

Luke made no answer, he had already more to think of than he could manage. In a few minutes they reached Isaac's cottage, and he bade his sister good-night, and stood to see her enter, then turned and walked homewards.

To his astonishment he found the front-door open, and entering, discovered Matty crying in her favourite place, the kitchen. She did not see him, so he retired, and locked up, and, coming back, found her standing waiting for him, defiant.

"I'm glad you've come," said she; "I am quite tired of sitting up for you."

"Matty, I'm very stupid to-night, I dare say; but why were you crying?"

"I was not crying."

"Oh! Well, can you tell me whether I am mad or whether everybody else is? Upon my word I don't know."

"Both," said Matty. "And you are more than half asleep too. So good-night!"

"Just one thing more, Matty. How came Dick to leave the front-door open?"

"How should I know? Dick is like most men—a great goose. I can't be responsible for anything he says or does."

Matty made her escape, and went to bed, and Luke followed her example. He really was half asleep, but it did not need a wide-awake man to perceive that Dick had made a venture that night, and failed, and that Matty was not altogether contented with his failure.

"Never mind," said he to himself sleepily, as he tumbled into bed. "They can put it right another time. But poor little Phoebe!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

A WEEK later, the mills in the Hollow were at work again, and all was quiet in Wilton. Only the blackened heap of ruins which marked the spot where the reading-room and library had once stood told the tale of the disturbances of the week before. Fenchurch's hands passed by the pile of broken bricks and charred wood without looking at it; they were

ashamed of their misbehaviour, and did not want to be constantly reminded of it.

Gordon Fenchurch was at his work again, coming a little later to the mill and leaving a little earlier, but otherwise transacting his business as usual. He had made no allusion whatever in the mill to the riot, maintaining, moreover, always his gentle, kindly courtesy of demeanour towards his hands, so that they began to think he intended to pass over the most serious outbreak that had occurred under his rule, and, though relieved, did not quite know what to make of it.

They were mistaken. Gordon had no intention of condoning such an offence against law and order, nor of making light of it. He was merely waiting until he should somewhat have regained his strength, and have also freed his mind from certain private troubles that weighed upon it very heavily. He was, if possible, thinner and more worn-looking than before, and his forehead was still plastered where the stone had cut it.

In their secret hearts, Gordon's hands had always liked him, and now, in the reaction from their wrongdoing, he might have ruled them with a rod of iron, and not a murmur would have been heard. They followed his slender form with their eyes lovingly as he came and went amongst them, and many a rough fellow choked a sob with an oath as he watched the patient sadness of his master's pale face, and swore vehemently that he would never vex "th' lad" again.

Amongst the weavers three were absent. Old Ben Crossley, whose petty, spiteful nature would not let him forget that he had injured his master, or go back to his work, hung about all day long at the street-corners and in the public-houses, "playing him"—in other words, drinking, smoking, and watching for an opportunity to let fall some spiteful speech about Gordon, whom he hated for Tom Brent's sake. Odd as it may seem, the old man really loved the handsome youth, even while half despising himself for loving anybody. Anxiety on his account lent new venom to a tongue always prone to evil-speaking, for Long Tom was in prison, waiting for his trial at the next assizes.

Tom and Deborah were the other absentees.

Deborah was rapidly recovering from the effects of Tom's shot, which, fortunately for him, were not, after all, very serious. During the one night through

which Phoebe had watched at her bedside with Mrs. Leighton, the poor girl had been very ill, and suffered much; but she had not, even then, been in danger. Now, thanks to a splendid constitution, though very feeble she was able to sit up and watch with languid interest her mother's movements as she busied herself about the house. Her mother, poor woman, was very unhappy.

Phoebe had been to see Deborah day by day, and Clarence had carried down to the Hollow many a basketful of dainties to tempt the invalid's appetite. Both had been, as Mrs. Leighton assured them, welcome as the sunshine; and, indeed, if the simile little suited Phoebe, it was, just now, peculiarly appropriate to Clarence, whose brightness was dimmed only by the sight of her brother's trouble, and who banished that from her mind as far as possible when visiting Deborah, wisely considering that any hint of it would hardly be conducive to her friend's recovery.

This was all very well for the Leightons, but on the Saturday following the riot they had a visitor, by no means so welcome, in Mrs. Watkins, who came in the character of Christian missionary to open the eyes of her working fellow-sister to her daughter's sin. That was the word she used. Speaking of the scene to her daughter afterwards, she said:

"Really, my dear, the woman was so obtuse, I was forced to say out precisely what I meant, which was most unpleasant."

She began by asking whether it were true that Deborah had saved her master's life. Mrs. Leighton answered proudly enough:

"So they tell me. Aw' wasna' theer mysel'."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Watkins. "It is very sad."

"Nay, aw' conna see that," said Mrs. Leighton. "Eawr Debby's mending noicely neaw and Measter Fenchurch is abeawt again, aw' hear, and th' lads ull all be woiser neext toime."

"My good woman, is Deborah's soul mending? Is she in a state of repentance?"

Mrs. Leighton turned on her visitor fiercely:

"What han yo' to do wi' th' lass's soul? And what fur should she repent?"

"Every Christian woman has to do with the soul of every sinner."

"What?" Mrs. Leighton stared in

astonishment, and then actually laughed as she replied: "Yo're mista'en, ma'am. Eawr Debby's as good a lass as ever wove a piece. She's known fur it."

"Then what is all this talk I hear of her and Mr. Gordon Fenchurch?"

"My lass and Mr. Fenchurch!" Mrs. Leighton's face flamed with wrath and then turned white. She opened the house-door and stood holding it. "Ma'am," said she, "aw'm sorry fur yo' that yo'n nowt better to do eur to go round takin' th' character fro' a lass as is pure and good as I doubt yo're own daughter is no better! What! eawr Deborah, ut never had a selfish thowt nor did an ill-deed i' her loife—not even when she wur a babby or a little lass, to be talked o'! An' wi' Measter Fenchurch, as is a gentleman i' word an' deed! Good-day to yo', ma'am."

There was nothing left to Mrs. Watkins but to retire, so she retired accordingly. I think it highly probable she said much more than is set down in this narrative, but Mrs. Leighton, from whom I heard of the matter, mentioned it to me only once, and that but briefly.

The working fellow-sister, having successfully routed her enemy, sat down and cried, with her face buried in her apron.

That night she and her husband talked the matter over, keeping all knowledge of it carefully from Deborah.

Isaac was bound to confess that, though he knew that there was absolutely no foundation for the scandal, this was by no means the first time he had heard it.

"We mun' tak' th' lass away, owd woman," said he sadly. "It's noan fair to Measter Fenchurch to let her bide heer. It's very hard on a lad like that, tryin' his best to be upright i' th' soight o' God an' man, to ha' sich a talk as thisin abeawt him."

"Tha talks as though he wur th' ony sufferer," said Mrs. Leighton indignantly. "Dost care nowt fur eawr poor lass, measter?"

"Thou knows aw do," said her husband gently. "We tak' good care o' her. Bu' th' lad's a good lad, and he has no father."

So they agreed to go away as soon as Deborah should be well enough to move, and Mrs. Leighton was fretting terribly about it.

Meantime, Mrs. Watkins had taken care that, through her husband, Gordon should be made to understand of what he was accused.

"There must be something in it," said Mr. Watkins to his wife. "The fellow turned as white as a sheet when I mentioned the girl's name."

The disgraceful rumour did not take Gordon by surprise. He knew enough of human nature in general, and of Mrs. Watkins in particular, to have expected it from the minute he was told that Deborah had saved his life. He knew that his name and hers would inevitably belinked together, and that some person would be sure to comment ill-naturedly on the fact. He more than suspected old Ben of being the originator of the scandal, as, in point of fact, he was; but of him he took no notice. He had made up his mind what he must do, even though the doing of it should kill him, and he now resolved to wait no longer.

Going home from the mill on Saturday at noon, he passed a group of men, amongst them Ben Crossley, who, raising his voice as Gordon approached, said:

"Whoi don't he wed th' lass then? She'd be a farranty bargain fur any mon, an' she worships th' very ground he treads on. More shame for him."

That afternoon Gordon went up to Mr. Carfield's house, and asked to see Phoebe alone, who presently came to him in the garden with a very white and sorrowful face. It cut him to the heart to see her looking so, and to know that he had, however unwittingly, wrought her trouble. But he dared not give himself time for consideration.

"Phoebe," he said gravely, "I want your help and advice."

She answered very steadily:

"You shall have it."

"Have you heard anything of the rumour that has got about in Wilton?"

She flushed scarlet, and nodded, without looking at him.

"Phoebe, do you believe it?"

She looked at him now, full in the face, standing still opposite to him on the garden-walk.

"Do you think I should be here if I believed that? I know it is a lie!"

She put her little ungloved hand into his, and he held it reverently for a moment. Their eyes met, and their souls too, for in that instant every veil was dropped from between them. Each read the other clearly, and there was no further need of explanation.

Gordon broke the spell, turning away, and leaning, with his forehead on his arm, against a great tree that stood close by.

Phoebe almost lost sight of her own pain in seeing his.

"Gordon," said she, touching his arm gently, "you must be brave, you know. What do you want my advice for?"

He straightened himself up again, and spoke:

"Do you believe she loves me, Phoebe?"

"Yes, I believe she does—with her whole heart."

"And they are taking away her good name on my account! Oh, Phoebe—Phoebe! Heaven help us, for men are very demons!"

"Gordon, do not despair. Dear Gordon, be brave for both of us. I cannot be brave much longer; and this is the worst, you know. After this nothing will seem so hard."

"I am a coward!" cried he. "My darling, it nearly kills me to see you sweet, pale face and not be able to comfort you. It is awful! We cannot help ourselves at all; we have no choice! Why should we care for right and wrong, since this is what comes of it?"

"We do care. We are made so. We cannot alter that!"

"No, we cannot alter it, but it is very cruel. Phoebe, do you think Heaven would let us suffer so?"

"I do not know. Everybody suffers. Do not let us think about that. It does not matter now, you know. It is better than if we had had to choose. I am glad we have no choice."

"I wish I could help you! I wish I could comfort you!"

"You do help me. You do comfort me. All my life long I shall take comfort in having known you, and in knowing how good and true you are. And now, we must say good-bye."

"Do you bid me go, Phoebe? I will not go unless you do. You have the right to bid me go or stay. I cannot sacrifice you."

"I bid you go; there is no other way, is there?"

"There is no other way."

"I make the sacrifice for myself. It is not you who sacrifice me. Do not trouble on my account. You have always been good to me."

"Good-bye, then."

"Good-bye."

Gordon turned and walked away, and Phoebe stood still and looked after him, feeling that now, indeed, life had nothing more to give her or to take away from her.

A QUIET CORNER OF NORFOLK.

IMAGINE a quaint old town, hardly large enough to be dignified by the name, as if transplanted from the heart of Normandy to find refuge in a secluded valley rich in foliage and terminating on one side in breezy cliffs diving sheer down to the seashore, which boasts "yellow sands" spacious enough for all the gambols of Ariel and the fairy crew, and which forms the strand of an expanse of ocean fine as any to be found on the eastern coast of England. Imagine as the dominant object in the landscape an old church-tower—whose "passing bell" is still heard as occasion requires—a tower lifting its head high above all other things of brick and mortar, and forming the western extremity of an ancient and noble fane. Imagine a seaside resort without marine terraces, or parades, or a pier, or itinerant Christy Minstrels, or most of the so-called attractions of those towns which court popularity and patronage on the strength of such questionable credentials. Imagine a place where Nature acts the part of principal hostess, and bids you come and breathe her health-giving breezes, and wander in the midst of her beautiful handiwork, finding rare treasures for eye and mind, and taking in many previously undiscovered charms of field, and flower, and country-place. Imagine these things, and you have Cromer.

The apparently prosaic and eminently anti-Ruskin agency of a railway has been brought into skilful harmony with the spirit of the surroundings, and the visitor who arrives for the first time at the little Norfolk town is impressed with the view which opens before him as soon as he steps outside the station. In this respect Cromer resembles Ilfracombe; both towns are favourably seen immediately on arrival, from stations prettily perched some distance away upon well-placed eminences.

It is a walk of three-quarters of a mile from the station into Cromer, along a dusty road, and by many a well-kept country residence. On the outskirts of the town a large new red-brick house stands out in bleak and treeless grounds, which has been built as the seaside abode of Mr. Frederick Locker, and where it is expected the Poet-Laureate will sometimes come. Near at hand is the house where dwelt Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, the colleague of Wilberforce, and scattered about in close proximity are houses of men with famous names

in the banking annals of this country, who have made Cromer their seaside dwelling, and the land about Cromer principally their possession.

Most quaint and curious is the town when entered, with streets so narrow that pavements are almost unknown, and the great lumbering omnibuses, which ply to and from the station, find it difficult to pass any other vehicle abreast unless squeezed against the walls of the houses forming the narrow old streets. It is sad to note that the first public building one sees in Cromer is the police-station, for this old-world town, in spite of its tinge of mediævalism, and the honesty and well-doing of its fisher-folk, must needs possess a guardian of the public peace; whose life, however, if appearances are worth anything, must be as uneventful and tranquil as that of the most orderly and inoffensive of Her Majesty's lieges over whom he is called to exercise the salutary influence of his presence.

From the police-station to the church it is but a stone's-throw, and then Cromer's stateliest monument stands confessed. The building—a fine example of the perpendicular style—is in good preservation, with the exception of the chancel, which is in ruins. It was restored not many years ago, principally through the liberality of several of the resident landowners. Mr. Walter Rye, in his brochure on The Churches of St. Peter of Shipden and of St. Peter and St. Paul of Cromer, states that, in 1681, the chancel of the latter church was so dilapidated that it would have cost one thousand pounds to rebuild it, according to the story of the Rev. Thomas Gill, Rector of Ingworth, and lessee of the great tithes under the Bishop of Ely, whose duty it therefore was to see that the church was kept in repair. On the 30th of November, 1681, the Bishop of Norwich consented to Gill's request to pull the chancel down, and the end of the work is said to have been hastened by gunpowder. Mr. Rye expresses the pious wish that the reverend gentleman who brought about the explosion had been seated at the time in a position to feel its full effects—a wish doubtless common to all who share in the abhorrence of wanton and wicked destruction of beautiful things. The church has undergone many other vicissitudes in the course of its existence, not the least of which was its desecration into barracks by Cromwell's soldiers, according to some accounts. The vicar is a note-

worthy instance of fixity of tenure, having, as curate and vicar, officiated at Cromer for forty years.

Around the church and its ruined chancel cluster the principal thoroughfares of the quiet little town, and from it they radiate in narrow and inconsequential length in various directions, many of them gravitating eventually towards the sea. No rude traffic disturbs their rest, save when a visitor arrives, and is driven from the station; their perpetual repose is almost unbroken by noisy and ear-piercing street-cries. Occasionally they are made hideous by the strains of German bandmen, who have found out the town, much to the town's disadvantage. But their natural quiet prevails, in the end, over such unwelcome shocks, and they retain the abiding characteristic of Cromer, the abode of peace. On the sea front, which forms the boundary of so many of them, one fails to find rows of trim terraces, or any of the distinguishing features of the orthodox English seaside town. The sea-front consists of the East and West Cliff, and on the latter is built a row of houses, as ugly as the mind—or want of mind—of an architect could conceive. These cliffs form the culminating point of attraction at Cromer, and from the elevated promenade they afford, one may look upon a limitless expanse of waters, over which, owing to the geographical position of the town, both the rising and the setting of the sun can be seen. East or west, as far as the eye can reach, are sands, which afford miles of firm and agreeable walking at low tide. At every step taken on this unconventional parade, or along the breezy cliffs, or by the sandy shore, the ozone which imparts health and vigour is inhaled without stint. Indeed, there are few places where the strong, sweet air, so necessary to vigorous health, is breathed in greater fulness, and it is not surprising to learn that, in this favoured region, the inhabitants are long-lived, and that sickness flourishes not.

Below the upper promenade is another, reached by descending a "gangway," as the zigzag, railed pathway is called, not only by the natives, but also on the official notice-boards issued by the Cromer Local Commissioners. Thus, too, is the jetty approached, an unpretending wooden structure, whereon a band occasionally plays. The people will tell you, with a touch of pride, that the conductor is the only stranger—he comes from Norwich—and that the rest of the band is composed

of residents in the town. Its musical performances are—well, perhaps not first-rate; but as visitors are not hypercritical, they come out to enjoy the evening air and to patrol the jetty in larger numbers, it must be said, on those evenings when the band plays, on the principle, probably, that "half a loaf is better than none," and that such a break in the general quiet of one's existence at Cromer is to be welcomed.

Unlike more artificial places, the evening is the fashionable hour, on week days, for the jetty promenade. In the morning people swarm over the sands in every direction. These sands are very conducive to laziness, although many resist the alluring temptation, preferring the pleasant routine of bathing, or possibly a sail, or a sea-fishing expedition, or some equally daring deed. When the tide is low, these same fine sands make excellent courts for tennis, in the absence of better substitutes, so far non-existent, in spite of the many eligible fields around the town. From morn till noon the beach may be black with people, but visit it an hour later and it is quite deserted, and continues comparatively so for the remainder of the day. It is difficult to imagine where visitors dispose of themselves during the afternoon, except about the cliffs and their adjacent uplands, and on the many walks and drives in which the neighbourhood of Cromer abounds. They leave the sands in the possession of a few nursemaids and children, and a contingent of fishermen, which is never absent from the beach at any time of the day.

The fishermen of Cromer are a hardy race, spending the summer in their native town, and, when the North Sea fishing comes on later in the year, the younger of them leave to take their part in that toilsome harvest of the sea. They are honest and manly folk, too, little addicted to the vices of drinking and swearing. Time was—in the days before Cromer became so accessible—when their natural independence of manner might have offended a stranger who did not understand it. Now they have settled down into ways savouring more of close contact with those above them in wealth and station. But, though less brusque and independent than of yore, they are not less honest or more grasping, as a chat with that fine old representative of their class, William Maize, who acts as skipper of one of the large sailing pleasure-boats, will prove. He shares the pride of all his comrades in the skilful seamanship

which is their boast. And on that wild and treacherous coast, where the surf in winter breaks upon the shore with fearful force, all the mariner's skill is too often required to avert disaster, or to save life, or to bring the fisherman safe to port after the pursuit of his perilous calling is done. Cromer, without fishermen, would be like London without fogs—wanting in one, if not the chief, of its characteristics. Their intelligent conversation is a source of pleasure to many a visitor; their good nature, their readiness to oblige, the moderation of their charges for services rendered, are virtues pleasant to find and very pleasant to bear witness to.

The history of Cromer is not without interest. In distant times it is supposed to have formed the hamlet of the town of Shipden—conjectured by Mr. Rye to have been a large and prosperous port, possessing much wealth and many opulent merchants—which then stood on the cliff above the sea. It became submerged in the reign of Henry the Fourth, on the subsidence of the cliff, and the remains, known as the Church Rock, are pointed out at low tide at a distance of a few hundred yards from the shore. The land-springs which undermine the cliffs about Cromer, together with the incursions of the sea, lead many to suppose that the present town is doomed, in course of time, to share the fate of its predecessor. With the sea encroaching at the assumed rate of a yard a year, the consequences implied are dire, and, although Cromer is now protected by a strong sea-wall, people will tell you that the storms of winter cause seas to break which shake to their foundation the houses built along the edge of the cliff. Landslips have been frequent—some of great magnitude, such as that some years ago, which occurred in the night and carried away the old disused lighthouse, whose perilous position for a long time previous had caused the Trinity Board to erect another farther inland, in anticipation of the catastrophe which eventually took place.

Around the present lighthouse is one of the favourite resorts of Cromer, where, on Sunday afternoons, both visitors and townspeople flock, either to roam on the breezy uplands or to rest among the bracken, which affords the younger folks silent and sequestered vantage-ground for the telling of the "old, old story," and their elders a convenient refuge, perchance, for a quiet nap. Most pleasant and beautiful is the view which the rising ground

invites on every side. And when you have fully taken in the various features of the landscape, and rested yourself a while, you can, over green and grateful turf, continue your walk along the cliffs to Overstrand, a most primitive fishing-village of one narrow street, whose ruined church, overgrown with ivy, is passed on the right some distance from the cliff and close to the high-road. In this church lie the remains of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, the colleague of Wilberforce before referred to. Proceeding farther east, Sidestrand, Trimmingham, and Mundesley may successively be reached; the latter a small but popular seaside village, much visited in summer. From Mundesley may be seen the ruins of Bromholm Abbey, which once had the reputation of possessing a piece of the real cross, and was resorted to in consequence by pilgrims from all parts of England.

West of Cromer lies Sherringham, with its ancient church and rood-loft; the latter the only one in the neighbourhood, according to popular tradition, which the iconoclasm of Cromwell's soldiers spared. The drive or walk along the coast leads past the crumbling ruins of Beeston Abbey. No more beautiful drive about Cromer can be taken than that through Sherringham Park, open at all times, and glorious in spring with rhododendrons, and by the Holt road to the Beacon, or Roman Camp, the favourite natural "lion" of the neighbourhood. The views here are exquisite and far-reaching, and the growth of vegetation—bracken chiefly—marvellously luxuriant and of great beauty. In returning from the Roman Camp to Cromer, there are several ways open. One rejoins the coast-road at Beeston, another follows the main Holt road into the town—a very wooded and lovely route—another leaves the main road at its junction with the "Lion's Mouth," an avenue dense with overhanging trees, but why called the "Lion's Mouth" it is difficult to say. By proceeding this way, Felbrigg Park can be visited. The property formerly belonged to the Windhams, but was brought to the hammer owing to the improvidence of the last owner, the "Mad Windham" who drove the coach between Norwich and Cromer in the days before the railway was made. The motto along the front of the house—*Gloria Deo in Excelsis*—reads strangely enough when the life of the last Windham is remembered, a man surrounded with friends while his wealth lasted, but who, when adversity came, was

deserted by most of them, and died in comparative obscurity and poverty.

Besides Felbrigg there are many historic mansions about Cromer. Eleven miles away, Blickling Hall is situated, a handsome Elizabethan house, the birthplace of Anne Boleyn, who is said to have been wooed there by Henry the Eighth. An oak statue of the unfortunate Queen stands on the right of the principal staircase, and underneath it are the words, "Hic nata Anna Boleyn." Wollerton and Mannington Halls, two seats of the Earl of Orford, are in the immediate neighbourhood of Blickling, the latter a fine old place, built in the reign of Elizabeth, and in good preservation. In returning to Cromer the village of Gresham can be passed through, where Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange, occasionally resided. This "Merchant Royal" of "good Queen Bess's glorious days," was born at the adjoining town of Holt. Gunton, the seat of Lord Suffield, with its extensive park, is distant five or six miles from Cromer; and a short distance by rail from Gunton is Wroxham, with its pretty river and most seductive broad, on which a day of perfect enjoyment may often be spent, and where a slight foretaste can be experienced of the pleasures to be derived from a month's holiday passed in yachting among the inland lakes or broads which form the natural watershed of Norfolk.

It would be vain to attempt to enumerate all that may be seen and done in the quiet corner of Norfolk of which Cromer forms the centre. To lovers of Nature, to those who wish to gain vigour and strength, to those who can dispense with orthodox seaside towns and be content with primitive surroundings, a more suitable refuge than Cromer will scarcely be found. And the enduring wish of all such will be that modern improvements, accompanied by the goblin of the speculative builder, will long continue to keep at a respectful distance, and that one of the few genuinely primitive seaside resorts of England will not be changed so as to descend to the respectable mediocrity of a conventional marine watering-place. Cromer, with its simple ways, its early hours, and its curious old Norman similitude, is, like Clovelly, one of the unique places on the English coast. Cromer "modernised" and "improved," would no longer possess the distinctive features which give to it at present a quaint and beautiful charm, and an abiding and sure attraction.

POTS AND PANS, AND CUPS AND SAUCERS.

WHEREVER he has clay, man makes pots. The art is as widely spread as the making of bone needles and flint knives. If there are none in the South Sea Islands, it is because there is there no earth fit for the purpose. Many tribes much more savage than the Tahitians or Samoans turn out very decent urns, of which an enormous number has come down to us; for primitive man has always had a trick of burying his most precious things along with his dead kinsfolk; and, before the potter's wheel was known, a jar, eighteen inches high, of graceful shape, with broad, overlapping rim, and zigzag ornaments made by pressing a rush-plait cord into the damp clay, was a precious thing. Try to make one, and then you will think more of those which have been found in Darley and the other Derbyshire dales, in barrows on Cornish moors and Yorkshire wolds, in pits on Scotch and Irish hillsides. Yet they were probably made while the funeral pyre was being built—made (thinks Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt) by women's hands, so delicate must have been the touch, and so small were the fingers of which the impress is occasionally left. Then, having been baked as well as might be in the fire which was consuming the body, they were filled with the ashes of the dead, and placed, mouth downwards, in the centre of the cairn that was raised over the burning-place. Some of them are very beautiful; and they have the same general character all over France as well as in our islands, showing that "the Celt" was a born potter. Perhaps the Irish examples are the most elaborately ornamented, because native art went on there long after it had, in Gaul and Britain, been superseded by Roman processes. In France and Ireland, too, there is not only the sepulchral pottery, but that which is found in the crannoges (lake-dwellings). Some of this crannoge-pottery we should take to be post-Christian, but that no Christian symbols are found on any of the things discovered along with it. Not a few of the vessels have been hand-polished after baking—nay, if the finds in the lake-dwellings at Annecy and Bourget are as old as the French archaeologists suppose, the pre-Roman potters in Gaul had some means (probably with an ore of lead) of glazing their work. Samples of all these are to be found in art museums—South Kensington, and the Jermyn Street

Museum of Practical Geology, for instance—such museums being “picture-books for the art-student,” if only he will read, and not idly turn over the pages. There, too, we find the Roman ware in all its forms—the “Samian” (sealing-wax red), really made at Arretium (Arezzo), in Etruria, and the Romano-German, Romano-Gallic, and Romano-British. In Britain the Roman had three notable potteries—at Upchurch, in the Kentish marshes; at Castor (the name implies a “castrum”—fortified camp), near Fotheringhay in Northamptonshire; and at Panshard and a whole group of places in the New Forest. The very kilns are sometimes found (a perfect one was laid open in St. Paul’s Churchyard in 1677, when the foundations of the new cathedral were being dug); and adepts can explain how some of these early potters used “smother-furnaces,” and therefore turned out black-ware.

The Saxons (English we ought to call them) were decidedly below the Britons in artistic taste. They brought their own style—a rough imitation of the Roman—with them, many of the urns found in their burying-places being the counterparts of those dug up at Selzen, near Mainz, and elsewhere in Allemannic land; and the British potters would, of course, fall in with the fashion of their conquerors even in the work they did for the still remaining Britons. Thus in the Faussett Collection is an urn inscribed in Latin to Laelia Rufina, clearly a Roman Briton; but it is of thoroughly East Anglian type, and was found in an Anglo-Saxon burial-ground at North Elmham, in Norfolk.

During the Middle Ages, pottery, like most other arts, was slowly recovering the decay which had set in with the German invasions. However, since Christians gave up burying things with their dead, we know very little about what was being made. Pots and pans will break, and so it is that of Norman and Plantagenet ware—with the sole exception of costrils or pilgrims’ bottles, and tiles for church floors, of which latter almost every great monastery had its own factory, and some of which do not yield in glaze or workmanship to the best samples of Minton or Copeland—we have far fewer remains than of British and Romano-British work. It is the same on the Continent; most of our knowledge of the pottery of these times comes from illuminations. It is pretty certain, too, that metal, wood, and leather (black jacks) were much more largely used than clay.

They would better stand the moving from castle to castle, which was necessary in order that the nobles might eke out their incomes.

It is indeed astonishing how little pottery is certainly known to have been made in England till Charles the First’s time. A good many “grey beards” (called Bellarmines, after the obnoxious Cardinal, and “mugs” because of the human face which is figured on them) are probably English, and belong to James the First’s reign; but most of the so-called Elizabethan stoneware jugs are probably Flemish.

Even abroad the art of pottery was late in reviving. All the arts of life had sunk under the invasion of the German barbarians; and this, like several others, owes its new life to the Moors. It had never died out in the East. In Babylon are found bricks glazed with some silicate of lead and soda, a turquoise colour being given by copper, a white by tin, a yellow by antimony, a brown by iron. In old Egypt false turquoises were made by coating gravel stones with soda and copper. The same kind of glazes have been used in Sind from time immemorial, and it was probably in Persia that the Arabs learnt the art, which they very soon carried across to Spain.

The conquest of Majorca by the Pisans in 1115 marks a new departure in pottery. In their booty they no doubt brought back specimens, the Italian imitations of which were called majolica, a corruption of the name of the island. Gradually, too, as the less civilised Spaniards conquered the Moors, and also annexed the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, Moorish potters settled in Italy, and in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the manufacture flourished at Pesaro and elsewhere. The glaze was still lead and soda, chiefly without other admixture, and therefore transparent, “slips” of fine white clay being laid on to carry gilding and bright colours.

Tin-glaze—which makes a white enamel—was known in very early times (I said the Babylonian bricks show traces of it). The Moorish refugees appear to have brought it into Italy; but its extensive use is due to Luca della Robbia, who began life as a goldsmith, and then tried sculpture, in which work he grew so popular that he gave up marble for the easier material, clay. It was the need of an enamel to make his clay weather-proof, which led him to experiment

with tin, the result being the Della Robbia ware, in which South Kensington is so rich. Della Robbia belongs to the beginning of the fifteenth century. It was nearly a hundred years later before the French got saturated with Italian art. Charles the Eighth, Francis the First, and Henry the Second, all had a good deal to do with Italy; the last, by his marriage with Catherine de' Medici, bringing the two countries very close together. Lead-glazed work—tiles, goblets, cups and covers, etc.—had been going on at Beauvais, Rouen, and elsewhere; but now the potter began to call himself "emailleur de terre," and Italian influence guided the French along two lines—one leading to the jewel-like Limoges enamels, the other to ware like those called Oiron and Palissy. For in pottery, more even than in other arts, the leaps which progress has made have been mainly due to individuals. In Italy the impulse was given by Della Robbia; in France, the famous Henri Deux ware was the work of Dame Helen of Hangest, widow of Gouffier, Grand Master of France under Francis the First. The work was done at her castle of Oiron, near Thouars, she not only superintending but drawing many of the designs, her helpers being her librarian, Bernart, and Charpentier, a skilful potter. Hers were presentation pieces—there are several at South Kensington—but at her death, in 1537, she made over to Bernart and Charpentier the fee-simple of the house and orchard where the kiln and factory were situated.

Everybody knows about Palissy—glass-maker, land-surveyor, geologist—who owed very little to Italy, for it was the sight of a beautiful cup that led him "to struggle with his own thoughts, groping in the dark," till, after fifteen years of worry, laughed at by his neighbours at Saintes, scolded by his wife, hunted by creditors, accused of coining base money, he at last hit upon an enamel so pure, so brilliant, and deep in tone, that in no workshop could he ever have learned the secret. It has never been equalled since, and even for him it was a single effort; his later work, after he got mixed up with religious politics—he was a strong Huguenot, and was only saved at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew by the Queen-Mother's special interference—is decidedly inferior. His specialty was "rustic dishes," fish swimming round an islet, on which a snake is coiled, while the border is alive with frogs, lizards, and little insects ("petits

bestions," he called them) on oak-leaves. They seem out of place on a dish that is meant not to lie flat but to stand against a sideboard; but the execution is so wonderful that one does not think of the incongruity. Poor Palissy died, aged eighty, in the Bastille; but for his one surviving patron, the Duke of Mayenne, who stopped proceedings but could not get him released, he might have swelled the list of French Protestant martyrs.

While Palissy, in Paris, was lecturing on geology, proselytising, as far as he dared, and making rustic grottoes for Catherine at the Tuileries, Gambino was brought to Nevers by Louis of Gonzaga, who, by marriage, had become duke of that place. Gambino was a native of Faenza, and he at once started, at Nevers, the pottery coated with white tin-enamel (*faience*) to which his old Bolognese town has given its name. Nevers were gradually deteriorated, passing from so-called Chinese work to coarse pieces covered with unsightly daubs. A vast deal was made there, and, being carried in boats up and down the Loire, was spread over all France, and even exported to England. The best French *faience*, however, was that of Rouen, where the tin-enamel was introduced about 1640, and of which a beautiful red is the chief glory. What gave a great impulse to this Rouen ware was, paradoxically enough, the extreme poverty of the country in the latter part of Louis the Fourteenth's reign. To continuous wars were added successive famines and inundations of the Loire. A few courtiers gave their plate to the King and bought *faience*. The King sent his gold plate to the mint; and then *faience* at once became fashionable. It was killed out by Staffordshire ware, which was cheaper, neater, and more resisting, though certainly less artistic. The difference is, the French things were works of art, painted by hand; the English were done by the merely mechanical process of stencilling. Besides these there is the well-known Moustiers ware—the founder of which, Pierre Clérisy, was ennobled by Louis the Fifteenth; and a whole group of little manufactories on the German border, called by the general name of Strasburg. These are what answer in France to our earthenware, from the early attempts at Wrotham in Kent, and at Newcastle-under-Lyme, down to the works of Wedgwood and his imitators. Here again we find so much due to some one man: Toft and Simpson, in Staffordshire; Dwight,

at Fulham; and Elers, at Burslem. The earliest known date of Wrotham ware is 1640. Dwight, an M.A. of Christ Church, Oxford, got a patent in 1671 for "the mystery of transparent earthenware, commonly known as porcelaine or china"—which he almost succeeded in making—"and of stoneware, vulgarly called Cologne ware." Elers and his brother, sons of a burgomaster of Amsterdam, came over with William the Third, and, besides bringing the salt-glaze into Staffordshire, made a fine light stoneware, the red of which Wedgwood could never rival. The story that the salt-glaze was discovered by a woman, who was cooking some pork in a pipkin—the brine boiled over and glazed the side of the vessel, which had become red-hot—is, like many other stories, apocryphal.

The Elerses were not popular at Burslem; they had all kinds of devices to keep people from finding out their art-secrets, employing an idiot to turn the thrower's wheel, and the stupidest workmen they could get to do the other tasks. These they locked up while at work and searched them before they went off the premises. Nevertheless, before long, all their processes were discovered, and in disgust they gave up Staffordshire and came to Lambeth. Their idiot had turned out a sham; he was one Astbury, who feigned idiocy in order to learn how their work was done. Astbury made improvements and got patents; and then Shawe improved on Astbury, took out fresh patents, and came down so sharply on the rest of the Burslem workers that all joined to defend one of their number, against whom he had brought a suit. The suit was tried at Stafford, in 1736, and the local record of the result is as follows: "Sed th' judge to th' mesters, 'Gooa whomm, potters, an' mak' wot soourts o' pots yoa loiken.' An' when they coomn to Boslem, aw' th' bells i' th' tahn wurn ringin' loike hey-go-mad, aw' th' dey." Astbury ware is of wafer-like thinness, of grey, drab, or dull white, and so hard that it can barely be scratched with quartz; the salt-glaze, in fact, is quite vitrified. It is a good prelude to the cream-coloured queen's ware of Josiah Wedgwood, which is still as popular as when he first made it in 1750. The Wedgwoods were hereditary potters. A jug by one of them, dated 1691, is preserved in the Jermyn Street Museum. Josiah's weakness was his lack of originality, which led him to give in to the classical tastes of the day. He called his

works Etruria, and got Flaxman to make his designs. One of his jasper (black and white) vases, with Flaxman's apotheosis of Homer on it, lately brought seven hundred guineas; a blue and white jasper tablet, twenty-six inches by eleven, the largest known, was sold five years ago for four hundred and fifteen pounds. Under Wedgwood, busts and statuettes became a Staffordshire specialty. Some of these are very comic; the "Vicar and Moses," the former asleep in the upper desk, the latter carrying on the service in the desk below; and the "Parson and Clerk," staggering, arm-in-arm, with lantern and bottle, after a drunken bout, belong to an age when people laughed at the Church, but did not try to disestablish it.

So much for earthenware, which got its misapplied name of delft because the Dutch, being the only Europeans admitted to any trade with Japan, largely imported Oriental china, and tried at Delft to imitate it. They failed to do so; but their best work shows, in the fine blue of the colouring and the peculiar bluish-white of the ground, a good deal of Oriental character. The word delft should properly be confined to this particular kind of earthenware, but it is not.

Real china was first made in Europe by Böttcher, potter to Augustus the Second, Elector of Saxony. It had been known long before, even in England. "Some Oriental China bowls" were given to the high sheriff of Dorset, in 1506, by Philip of Austria, when he was driven into Weymouth by stress of weather. In 1587 Lord Burleigh and his son gave their queen "a porringer of white, and a cup of green porselyn." All sorts of stories were told about its nature and composition. True porcelain was supposed to be a test of poison, and was said to be made of egg-shells, and shells of marine locusts beaten small, and buried for a hundred years. Lord Bacon, credulous as usual, speaks of it as "a kind of plaster buried in the earth, and by length of time congealed and glazed into that fine substance." In Italy it had been imitated ever since the beginning of the sixteenth century. Venice, Ferrara, Florence, all claim the invention, and in 1695 it was made at St. Cloud; but all these are the soft porcelain—*pâte tendre*—made chiefly of pipe-clay and ground flint. The hard kind—*pâte dure*—of china-clay (kaolin) and felspar, was made by Böttcher just three years before Father d'Entrecolles, head of the

French Jesuits in China, sent home the secret to Father Orry, who soon founded the famous Sèvres works. Böttcher's discovery was made in the midst of wars. He was experimenting, when, in 1706, Charles the Twelfth invaded Saxony. So Augustus sent him and three workmen, under an escort of dragoons, to the Königstein, one of those curious rocks which rise, like huge masses of masonry, out of the plain of the Elbe. There he worked on, having to act as warder over his men, whose love for art did not reconcile them to imprisonment. At last, in 1708, he pulled a teapot out of his furnace, and, handing it to Augustus, begged him to plunge it in cold water. It stood the test, and from that moment Dresden china—really made at Meissen, near Dresden—became a hard fact. Runaway workmen carried Böttcher's secret to other parts of Germany; he himself was a Berlin apothecary's assistant, who had run away to escape a prosecution for alchemy. First the Vienna factory—afterwards taken in hand by Maria Theresa—was started by a runaway from Meissen. Then Ringler, a Vienna man, went to Höchst, near Maintz, and, for safety, always carried all his recipes in his pocket. His fellow-workmen, however, made him drunk and stole his papers, and were ready thenceforth to sell the mystery, just as some German Universities used to sell their degrees, for a small consideration. In France the first attempt at porcelain—porcellana, a shell used in enamel manufacture; or, say some, the common cowrie used in the East for money by the Venetian traders who first brought china ware to Europe—was made by Louis Potera, *Sieur de St. Estienne*, at Rouen. His was *pâte tendre*, as was also that of *St. Cloud*, of which *Martin Lister*, physician to the Duke of Portland, said, in 1698: "I confess I could not distinguish between the pots made there and the finest china I ever saw." For a long time *Chicaneau*, the maker, had royal highnesses, lords, ambassadors, and a crowd of amateurs daily at his works. Its glory died with him; and when a discontented workman burnt down the place, in 1773, nobody cared to rebuild it.

The Sèvres work was first established at Vincennes. At the outset it was all soft paste, which will not bear great heat, and of which you can scratch the enamel with a knife, whereas that of the kaolin-china is as hard as glass. Here, again, to one man is due the perfecting of the art. *Macquer*, who was the Sèvres chemist

from about 1750, hunted right and left for kaolin. The Germans would not let it be exported; the French, having little trade, could not bring it in from China—as we did to the Chelsea works—as ship ballast. Some beds were discovered near Alençon, but the porcelain made from them turned out grey and coarse. At last a poor country surgeon's wife, named Darnet, found the splendid beds at *St. Yvrieux*, near Limoges, and thenceforward Sèvres was able to compete on equal terms with Dresden. Take care if you are buying "Sèvres" not to be duped in this way: Thousands of pieces, plain or marked with a gilt monogram, are painted elsewhere, and sold as real Sèvres. Hold the piece slantwise to the light, and under the painting you will see the original monogram. Remember, too, that painted pieces are invariably marked "*décoré à Sèvres*" in addition to the mark. Otherwise the piece may be Sèvres, as the seller asserts it to be, and yet the painting may have been done in Staffordshire.

Our first English china was made at Chelsea, probably by one of *Dwight's* workmen carrying out his master's process. Both here and at Bow—which began very soon after, about 1740—Chinese clay was used till the Celestials stopped the supplies. *George the Second* encouraged the Chelsea works, paying one thousand two hundred pounds for a dinner and tea service, which he sent to the Duke of Mecklenburgh. In 1769, under one *Spremont*, it all came to a sudden end, the plant being bought by *Duesbury*, the owner of the Derby works, who also bought Bow and other London works. Wages had ranged from eight shillings and ninepence to one shilling and sixpence a day, the chief painter getting five shillings and threepence. *Spremont*—who made his fortune—made a good effort to keep out Dresden china, the importation of which, "for private use," at a tariff of eightpence per pound weight, was so abused as to injure the English trade.

Meanwhile at Lowestoft china had been made—and very good it is, with the Tudor rose as its mark. *Browne*, a Lowestoft man, was so determined to get at the secret, that he went to Bow, and bribed some of the workpeople, who hid him in a hogshead close by the furnace, through the bung-hole of which he watched the owner steal in after the premises were clear, and mix his chemicals. It was *Squire Lusson*, of Gunton Hall, who started the Lowestoft

works. He must have been a brave man, for he had to fetch his clay all the way from West Cornwall, and his coal from Durham. His partner, Browne, was only paying out the Londoners in kind; for some London workmen whom Luson brought down, were tampered with by the London makers, and spoiled his bakings time after time.

Plymouth china, again, is an instance of one man's work. William Cookworthy, son of a Quaker weaver, born in 1705, was apprenticed to a London chemist, his widowed mother being so poor that the boy had to walk all the way from Devonshire up to town. By-and-by he set up as wholesale chemist in North Street, Plymouth. It has often been told how he, in 1748, met a Quaker from Virginia, who, having read in Du Halde all about kaolin and felspar, had found over there a boundless store of both. He showed some samples of Virginian-made porcelain, "equal," thought Cookworthy, "to the Asiatic." This Virginian china-maker disappeared like a wraith; but Cookworthy found plenty of both the needful minerals in various parts of Cornwall, notably at Boconnoc, the estate of Pitt, Lord Camelford. He tried them, and made a china "as white in body as that of Dresden—far whiter, that is, than the Chinese." His earlier specimens, proud as he was of them, were no great success; most of them were cracked, and clumsy, and unevenly glazed; and before long he engaged a Sèvres man, Saqui, to whom, along with Bone, the Plymouth enameller, are due the beautiful birds and flowers which mark the later Plymouth ware. The works did not pay, though the kaolin was to be had so near, and in 1774 Cookworthy sold them to Champion, of Bristol, and gave his mind to other experiments; helping Smeaton with his lighthouse; receiving Sir Joseph Banks, and Dr. Solander, and Omai the Tahitian, whom Captain Cook brought home on his first voyage; and trying hard to perfect a plan for distilling sea-water for use on shipboard. At first Champion had a hard struggle. Wedgwood—a man of very petty jealousies—writes in 1778: "Poor Champion is quite demolished. He had neither professional knowledge, nor sufficient capital, nor scarce any real acquaintance with the materials he was working upon. I suppose we might buy some of his growan stone and clay upon easy terms." Champion, however, was not at once demolished; he was taken up by

Joseph Fry, grandfather of "Fry's Chocolate"; but at last he sold his patent to a Staffordshire Company, himself being made by Burke a Deputy Paymaster General of the Forces!

Worcester, "the faithful city," owes its china to Dr. Wall, of Merton College, Oxford, painter as well as chemist, who founded a china company in his native place in 1751; and Worcester china has always ranked high, not only for excellence of body, but for the beauty of the painting. There are plenty more little English porcelain centres, Liverpool among them, and Nottingham.

But these are enough to help anyone who wants to be able to take an intelligent interest in an Art Museum. He ought, after reading this, to know the difference between porcelain and pottery—though Chinese pottery is very porcelain in the density of its paste. Nothing but study, however, can teach one the different transitional products between the two, depending for their character on the different ingredients—the silicates of alumina being manifold—the degrees of heat, etc. Do not forget, too, that artistic character is quite distinct from beauty of material. Doulton ware, for instance—with which we may class Deck's work at Paris—is only coarse pottery, terra-cotta; yet no two pieces are alike, the designs not being printed, but each worked out separately by hand; they are, therefore, far more artistic than many a highly gilt and gorgeously coloured sample of real china.

MY COTTAGE.

My cottage stands upon a gentle hill,

Where, daisy-studded, slopes a velvet lawn,

And, at its foot, dances a laughing rill,

Singing its welcome to the summer dawn;

Singing its vesper-hymn, as in the west,

Over my lordly neighbour's wooded park,

The royal sun sinks slowly to the west,

And the stars throb and dazzle through the dark.

Over my cottage, in a tangle rich,

Roses, and jessamine, and clematis

Climb, filling jealous every little niche,

Flinging sweet blossoms to the breezes' kiss;

And all the day the wild birds, winter fed,

Warble, and trill, and gurgle 'mid the trees,

While the brave skylark, lost in blue o'erhead,

Pours waves of music o'er the sunny leas.

Inside my cottage, memory holds her sway

In pictures, speaking of the loved and lost;

In books, the faithful friends of every day;

In trifles, love-apprised at countless cost;

And, flinging Time a gay defiance, Song

Murmurs, "The spirit flags, the fire grows cold;

Yet, since both heart and hand have served me

long,

Your cottage claims my glamour, as of old."

FRANK BUCKLAND.

It is not surprising that Mr. Bompas's *Life of Frank Buckland** should have been one of the most popular books of the season. The biographer had to tell the story of a singularly interesting career—a story which necessarily involved the relation of many amusing anecdotes, and he has told it very pleasantly and chattily and with a judicious absence of any of that patronage, either of his subject or of his readers, which is one of the besetting and most fatal sins of modern biographers. Indeed, the book is as amusing and interesting as one of Buckland's own, and has but one fault—although that is, it is true, a serious one. It has fairly elaborate chapter headings, but no index. Now a biography without a good index is like a strange country without signposts, like London without a Post Office Directory, like an ocean without a compass. Possibly it is too late to remedy the defect, now that the book has run through so many editions, but a defect it is, and a grievous one.

Francis Trevelyan Buckland, the son of the something more than eccentric Dean of Westminster, was bred for a naturalist, if ever any man was devoted by inherited tastes and early training to any pursuit. From his earliest childhood at Oxford, where he was born at the time that his father was Canon of Christ Church, he was familiarised with fossils, and stuffed creatures, and live pets. Before he was five years old he confounded a clergyman, who had travelled all the way from Devonshire to Oxford to bring Dr. Buckland some "very curious fossils," by describing them without hesitation, and quite correctly, as the vertebræ of an ichthyosaurus. Three or four years later, a live turtle was sent down from London for a great banquet at Christ Church, and Dr. Buckland treated it to a swim in the ornamental water in the "Quad," what time Master Frankie stood on the creature's back to enjoy a ride, afterwards taking an early lesson in operative surgery by assisting the cook to cut off its head. The same year, he was highly delighted with the skeleton of a whale at Cheltenham, noting special points in connection with its anatomy with a clearness of insight quite remarkable in so young a child. His home at Christ Church abounded in snakes and green frogs, guinea-pigs,

foxes, rabbits, tortoises, toads, and such like small deer, while even the pony was free of the dining-room, into which he could find his own way with the greatest ease. Then, on summer afternoons, the doctor would frequently drive his family about the beautiful environs of Oxford to hunt for moles and nests, fossils and wild flowers, and so at home and abroad, and day by day, the boy's love of Nature, which was inherited from his mother as well as from his father, grew until it became the absorbing passion of his life. To this he brought steady perseverance in observation and study. "Nothing like determination and perseverance," he said in after-life, and this, which was indeed the keynote to his character, was struck at a very early age. In 1830—he was born in 1826—his mother wrote of him: "His great excellence is in his disposition, and apparently very strong reasoning powers, and a most tenacious memory as to facts. He is always asking questions, and never forgets the answers he receives, if they are such as he can comprehend. If there is anything he cannot understand, or any word, he won't go on till it has been explained to him. He is always wanting to see everything made, or to know how it is done; there is no end to his questions, and he is never happy unless he sees the relations between cause and effect." This was just the temperament required in a practical naturalist, and this was an accurate description of Frank Buckland up to the last.

At Winchester College, to which the boy was sent when he was twelve years old, the natural history studies went on at a great pace, and soon assumed a very practical form, but one which, one would think, must have been occasionally found inconvenient by Master Frank's schoolmates and masters. At digging for field-mice, at rat-hunting, cat-wiring, and surreptitious trout-catching—the boy at this time was undoubtedly an ardent and successful poacher—he soon became an adept. His genius in these matters was speedily recognised by his fellows, and his love of live pets—snakes, mice, guinea-pigs, owls, buzzards, magpies, and hedgehogs—would, no doubt, have helped to make him popular in any society of boys; but the passion for dissection, and taxidermy, and anatomical study, which presently developed itself, must have had its unpleasant side. "Specimens," if kept in lockers or under beds, have a tendency to proclaim their presence

* "Life of Frank Buckland." By his brother-in-law, George C. Bompas. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

to the olfactory nerves, and skulls and skins require some time before they can be pronounced free from objection. Finally, however, the top of the chapel tower was utilised, and there skulls and bones were bleached without offending anybody. Later on, the hospital contributed subjects for the boy's dissecting-knife, and some experiments which he made on certain "gruesome fragments of humanity," when he had made up his mind to become a surgeon, and characteristically set to work at once, very much disgusted the boys at College, as he himself wrote. But he was always popular at school. The good-humour, the amiability, the high spirits, the sweetness and gentleness of his disposition, the simple earnestness of his character, and his uniformly good conduct—of all of which some of his tutors and schoolfellows wrote with pleasant recollection many years after—stood him in good stead. Both with masters and boys, "Old Buckland" or "Fat Buckland" became the most popular boy in the school—"a short, quick-eyed little boy, with a shock of reddish-brown hair (not much amenable to a hairbrush), a white neckcloth tied like a piece of rope with no particular bow, and his hands sticking out under either ear as fancy pleased him—in fact, a boy utterly indifferent to personal appearance, but good-tempered and eccentric, with a small museum in his sleeve or cupboard, sometimes a snake, or a pet mouse, or a guinea-pig, or even a hedgehog." It is Mr. Frederick Gale who thus describes him, and the bright little sketch seems to bring the boy bodily before us.

At Oxford, to which University Frank Buckland went after leaving Winchester, being admitted as a commoner to Christ Church in 1844, it was just the same. "He was certainly one of the most popular men in Christ Church," Dr. Liddon says, and at Oxford his zoological and anatomical studies were pursued with increased zest and energy, although not without certain inconvenient results. Amongst the pets which this very unconventional undergraduate ventured to keep in the court of Fell's Buildings (since pulled down), where he "kept" on the ground-floor, were a bear called Tiglath Pileser, a monkey, an eagle, sundry marmots, and a jackal, and almost all of these creatures succeeded in compromising their proprietor at some time or another. Thus, one morning, "Frank was called in haste to remove the marmot from the Chapter House, as the Chapter was about to meet.

Another morning the eagle stationed himself in the chapel doorway, and attacked those about to enter, till he was rolled up in one of the students' gowns and carried off ignominiously." On yet another occasion the eagle had a fancy for attending service in the cathedral, and stalked up the aisle with outspread wings, to the amusement of the undergraduates and the horror of the Dean. Whether the Dean rusticated the eagle is not clear, but that fate certainly befell Tiglath Pileser, who exhausted the patience of the authorities at last. The animal was sent to Islip, whence, after terrifying the neighbourhood nearly out of its wits on several occasions, he was promoted to the Zoological Gardens.

"Skeletons and stuffed specimens were numerous," Mr. Bompas tells us, in the rooms in Fell's Buildings, "and often anatomical preparations were in progress in the court," and, on the whole, it is clear that Frank Buckland's Oxford friends and guests required strong nerves, and strong stomachs too. "An odour of physical science hung about his rooms." When you called upon him in a casual way, you were very probably greeted with the intelligence that the adder was out and lively; when you went to coach him for his little-go, you had to tuck your legs up on the sofa to avoid the jackal, which you could by-and-by hear underneath you, devouring the guinea-pigs; when you went to breakfast with him, the marmots ran about the table, and "there were other beasts and reptiles in the room, too, which in later life would have made breakfasting difficult." And there must have been a good deal of noise as well as zoological excitement in the retirement of Fell's Buildings, and we can well believe the Rev. St. John Tyrerwhit, who says that quiet was not much promoted "by the appearance of a very broad-backed young man of personal strength and activity greatly exceeding his moderate height, having a shock chestnut-coloured head, a blue pea-jacket, a red German student's cap with a gold tassel"—the result of two long-vacation visits to Baron Liebig's laboratory at Giessen—"with a presumably harmless snake hanging out of his trousers' pocket, and bearing a scalpel and a trumpet, or perhaps a long Swiss wooden cow-horn." Mr. Tyrerwhit's portrait is a worthy companion to Mr. Gale's.

After leaving Oxford, Frank Buckland threw himself with characteristic energy into his medical studies, and after "passing the College," became house-surgeon at

St. George's, and, subsequently, for eight years, assistant-surgeon to the Second Life Guards. Gradually also, he settled down to literature as his favourite pursuit, making also successful appearances as a lecturer, and still finding time to attend to pets innumerable. The Westminster Deanery—Dr. Buckland was now Dean of Westminster—swarmed with all sorts of creatures, which must have sadly discomposed the servants and visitors. The stuffed figures of a hyena and of Tiglath Pileser, the bear—the latter of whom had, unfortunately, expired in an unsuccessful attempt to cut his teeth—confronted the timid stranger; snakes freely patrolled the stairs, and were occasionally produced to amuse the guests in the drawing-room, where also choice white rats were frequently to be found. It must have been rather a startling place on a first introduction.

In later days Frank Buckland's own house in Albany Street was much the same. Monkeys, snakes, suricates, parrots, and "laughing jackasses" abounded. A pig was an intimate friend of the family for some years. At another time a bear was the reigning favourite, and Buckland naively remarks, "To the servants, a bear was a bear, and it was very amusing to hear the shindy they kicked up, when in the course of his peregrinations about the house, Mr. Bear met them on the stairs, or went into the kitchen to warm himself." What with bears and monkeys, and the enormous fish, not always in the sweetest condition, which were continually arriving to be cast—not to mention the vast multitude of other evil-smelling specimens, or the giants and "two-headed nightingales" who were on the visiting-list—the Albany Street servants must have had a lively time of it.

More especially must the cook have required a strong set of nerves, and a phlegmatic temperament. Some of the opportunities for the exercise of her art which fell to her lot would have been too much for ordinary people. "The doctrine," said Frank Buckland once, "that it has been my lifelong study to urge, is the application of natural history to practice, and the increase of food for the public," and to this end he experimented upon himself with strange foods to quite an alarming extent.

This queer fancy, which exercised the genius of the cooks of his latter days, began very early. Already at Winchester squirrel-pie and mice cooked in batter

were looked upon as real dainties, while Frank Buckland has left it on record that "a roast field-mouse—not a house-mouse—is a splendid *bonne bouche* for a hungry boy; it eats like a lark." Very likely this is so; that house-mice are not to be recommended I can myself testify as the result of certain experiments which were made at Eton some five-and-thirty years ago. But roast field-mouse and squirrel-pie were very commonplace viands compared with what was to follow. Christ Church, for instance, was to see a very grisly meal in the shape of a dish of panther chops. The panther at the Surrey Zoological Gardens had died, and the curator, who was a friend of Buckland's, sent him notice of the melancholy fact. Says Frank, "I wrote up at once, to tell him to send me down some chops. It had, however, been buried a couple of days, but I got them to dig it up, and send me some. It was not very good." The criticism is delightful.

The Deanery at Westminster was a great place for these queer experimental feeds. Buckland's diary, under date March 9th, 1849, records a dinner-party at which were present "Huxley, Blayden, Rolfs," and at which they "had the lump-fish for dinner." "Very good, something like turtle," Buckland goes on to say. But the lump-fish was avenged on the very next day, when the significant entry is, "Rather seedy from the lumpfish!"

In fact, people who dined with Dean Buckland had to dine, greatly daring. At Christ Church he caused a certain pickled horse's tongue to be served up, and much appreciated it was until the guests were told what they had been eating—it is possible that we have all consumed horses' tongues under the pleasing delusion that they had once formed part of the accustomed ox—while alligator was a delicacy of—happily one would think—rare occurrence, puppies being occasionally and mice frequently eaten. At Westminster "hedge-hogs, tortoise, potted ostrich, and occasionally rats, frogs, and snails, were served up for the delectation of favoured guests. 'Party at the Deanery,' one guest notes; 'tripe for dinner; don't like crocodile for breakfast.'"

With Frank Buckland's strong desire to utilise the teachings of natural history in the direction of an increased and more varied food-supply, the Acclimatisation Society naturally had his warmest sympathies, and the first tentative dinner of its

promoter in 1859 left him enthusiastic on the subject of the merits of the eland. The roast haunch of this antelope was highly appreciated by all the guests, and both Professor Owen and Frank Buckland looked forward with confidence to the time when the animal should be regularly bred in this country, and when the haunch of the eland should beat at least as common as haunch of venison. As the anticipated results have not yet been attained, it may be presumed that either the elands or the English climate did not see the thing in the same light. The first real dinner of the society, three years later, was managed by Frank Buckland. His own graphic and pleasant description of the various troubles which befell him, and of the brilliant success by which his efforts were ultimately crowned, will be found in Mr. Bompas's book, but is too long for quotation. Although there were many strange dishes, nothing particularly nasty was included in the bill-of-fare, except the Tripangs or Beche de Mer of China, the description of which cannot be read without a shudder by even the most hardened among the people "who don't care what they eat."

Some years later came the famous horse-dinner at the Langham Hotel, of which Frank Buckland has left a very unfavourable account, following it up by the record in his diary on the following day: "Very seedy indeed, partly effects of horse, partly of a very bad cold; felt very queer all day." So far as I remember—I went steadily through the horse-dinner myself, and have the bill-of-fare now before me—this description does the dinner injustice, and the blame of the seediness ought justly to be laid on the very bad cold. And this is the more likely as it is recorded that on another occasion Frank Buckland and Mr. Bartlett, of the Zoological Gardens, experimented again, and were unable to distinguish between prime steaks of horse and beef. Certainly if horse-meat is not altogether as good as good beef, there is nothing nasty or unwholesome about it.

But the diary chronicles many more gruesome meals than dinner of horse. "B. called; cooked a viper for luncheon." "Had some elephant trunk soup," the trunk having been boiled for weeks "without being sensibly mollified," are two entries which speak volumes for the writer's courage, as does another which records a supper of gore-fish, whose bright green bones—"the green, in fact, of verdigris in an old copper-ship"—would choke off most

people, but which, Frank Buckland says calmly, "are not poisonous, for I ate half-a-dozen of them for supper, and felt all the better for it." After this, roast giraffe, white, and tasting like veal, sounds quite appetising. The most ogglesome meal of all, however—worse, almost, than the famous panther chops—was the huge pie which was made for the delectation of the audience at one of his lectures at Brighton from the carcase of the old rhinoceros at the Zoological Gardens "which had recently died," and of the toughness of which one reads without surprise.

In connection with these strange meals, I have, myself, a very lively recollection of sitting, in 1861, next to Frank Buckland at a club-dinner in Covent Garden, when, after cross-examining me at much length—I had then just returned with some odd gastronomic experiences from China—he remarked incidentally, "Well, I think I have eaten almost everything that can be eaten." "Not 'long-pig,' I hope," said I. "Why not?" he answered solemnly, and then came the twinkle of the eye and the hearty laugh which warned me not to take the joke too seriously.

The direction, however, in which Frank Buckland saw that it was possible largely and practically to increase the stock of food available for the people was that of fish-culture, and by improving the condition of the salmon-rivers throughout the country to encourage the breed and increase of salmon. Into this object he threw himself with all the eagerness and earnestness of his nature, displaying all that determination thoroughly to learn his lesson which, as we have seen, his mother noticed in him at a very early age; and bringing to bear on the subject all the resources of a keen and thoughtful intellect, as well as the habits of observation and the powers of memory which he had cultivated so assiduously all his life. Very wisely he saw that, as compared with flour-mills, for example, salmon weirs and ladders could only take a second place, and when he was selected as an Inspector of Fisheries—and no better appointment could possibly have been made—he made it his business to gain his ends by coaxing and argument rather than by official bullying and laying down the law. How well he succeeded everybody knows, and now that everybody does know everybody must admit the truth of his remark that "there is no reason whatever why both mills, manufactories, and salmon

should not co-exist and flourish, provided there exists what is called in common parlance an element of give and take. . . . I feel convinced that persuasion is better than force, and that private interviews and subsequent communications will often succeed in obtaining for the salmon, what no Act of Parliament, in the absence of the Local Executive, could obtain."

How hard he worked to carry out his object we are told at length by Mr. Bompas—how he became "almost amphibious, wading the pools below the weirs, feeling the force and direction of the current, and striving, so far as it is possible to man, to enter into the feelings of a salmon." But the story is too long to tell here, and too good to spoil by wholesale condensation. One remark of his own may be quoted as showing the thoroughly sensible and practical view in which he looked at his work: "We must not, however, forget the ultimate verdict of whether a salmon-ladder be good or bad must be left to the decision of the salmon themselves; all we can do is to find out what they want, and accommodate them to the utmost of our powers." These are wise words, which many philanthropists and "friends of the working-man" might take to heart with advantage.

Another remark, as shrewd and observant, is also worth noting: "There are but three possible ways by which the passage of a weir may be effected by the fish; first, over the weir; second, through the weir; and third, round the weir. In contriving or altering a pass, it will be found a useful plan for the observer to imagine himself to be a salmon, and consider which of these three ways would be best for him to adopt." Rarely, indeed, has a scientific observer taken such practical views of his subject when action has to follow theory.

Robust as Frank Buckland's frame had been, the constant hard work involved in these piscicultural labours, and the exposure to all sorts of weather, which he never seemed to regard as anything out of the way, wore him out at a comparatively early age, and in December, 1880, his keen and active brain found rest.

"God is so good," he said just before his death; "so very good to the little fishes, I do not believe He would let their Inspector suffer shipwreck at last. . . I am going a long journey, where I think I shall see a great many curious animals. This journey I must go alone."

It is refreshing, in these days when science and scepticism so often go

hand-in-hand, to find scattered all over Mr. Bompas's book unmistakable proofs of the simple, reverent piety which was one of the leading principles of Frank Buckland's mind. The more he studied, and the more he learnt, the more the great scheme of creation struck him with awe and wonder. The more he unravelled the mysteries of Nature, the more he recognised the wisdom and beneficence of the Creator, and the more humble and reverent he became. This frame of mind is anything but scientific, no doubt, but to my mind constitutes not the least of the reasons why Frank Buckland's life and work deserve the respect and admiration of all those lovers of Nature, who are content to hold to the old-fashioned belief in Creation as having been the result of a wise and beneficent, if mysterious plan, rather than the result of blind chance, of accidental evolution, or of the fortuitous concurrence of a variety of atoms—which, indeed, must themselves have had a beginning and a Creator, after all is said and done.

FLORIDA SKETCHES.

JACKSONVILLE.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

JACKSONVILLE, though not the capital of Florida, is by far the most important city of the State, as also the most popular. So long ago—long ago, that is, by the standard of American progress—as 1870, it numbered some seven thousand people, as compared with Pensacola, its neighbour in size, with three thousand three hundred, and I am probably doing the city a wrong by estimating its fixed population to-day at no more than ten thousand, blacks and whites being equally divided. From November to May, however, Jacksonville is annually a refuge for thousands of northerners, who cannot or will not endure a temperature with a fancy for zero; and this, the Florida season, is the time of Jacksonville's gaiety and civic prosperity. Throughout the States, from Oregon to Virginia, people may bury themselves in furs, and be moderately happy only when inside houses hermetically sealed, and warmed until the atmosphere is as that of an oven; while at Jacksonville, contemporaneously, overcoats are scoffed at; store and hotel doors are as courteously open as in summer; the niggers are content to sprawl themselves about the river-wharves, singing, laughing, chewing sugar-cane, or chaffing coloured damsels; and the orange harvest is in full swing, and

putting money into the pockets of all ranks and conditions of men.

To be sure, Jacksonville is not altogether as free from frost as may be supposed. The winter of 1883-1884, for instance, was a surprise to some, both residents and visitors, when, night after night, the thermometer went down to freezing-point, and, day after day, a chilly north wind swept that most interesting of thoroughfares—Bay Street—comparatively bare of loiterers. During this dread sway of wintry weather, doors were kept closed, log-fires and extra blankets were the rule, the hotel balconies were deserted, and more whisky than iced-water was drunk. But, as a seasonable set-off and accompaniment, the grocery and other stores put on their Christmas garb, the booksellers filled their windows with Christmas-cards, wild turkey and plum-pudding, “piping hot,” were a matter-of-course in every restaurant; the niggers became riotously merry; and jovial good wishes for the present and the future were exchanged with every salutation. And if the crop of murders and deaths by violence in the city and suburbs was exceptionally large, it was of course deplorable, but no doubt attributable to the exceptional weather.

But Jacksonville has grown well into civilisation by this time. Not now may prismatic flights of two or three hundred parroquets in a body be seen from the streets of the city. Alligators no longer lie at their ease on the sandy, shelving shore, a stone's-throw from the Court House. Instead of finding a bear in a couple of hours, he is happy who discovers one within a couple of days' journey of the city. And deer, wild turkey, and partridge are now less for the casual city sportsman than for the systematic hunter. Even the river, which is the glory of the city, has done supplying the stomachs of respectable citizens with a dinner-course; the black breed of fish, which alone is caught from the wharves, being deemed unfit for any but black stomachs.

No, the halcyon days when money could be made in Jacksonville, and Nature in all her profusion be enjoyed at the same time, are over. One may still, from a city verandah, see and hear a couple of stately mocking-birds having a quarrel, and chattering rude things at each other in the lemon-tree of a neighbouring garden. Two or three lustrous and half-bewildered blue-birds may yet flit in association across a street. A red-crested woodpecker may

still be seen energetically at work upon a live oak-trunk a few feet from the telegraph-wires, which touch the branches, on their way to New York. Wild ducks by half-dozens may now and again strike the eye, as they hasten over the waters towards the South, keeping near the banks on the other, and almost uninhabited, side of the river. A miserable cat, once wild, may be noticed here and there about the city, with a look in her eyes of agonising doubt as to whether or not she has done the best for herself in giving up the freedom of nature, and the struggle for an independent existence, in exchange for the merely sensual satisfaction of a domesticity which, in its effects, is synonymous with a silken-fettered captivity. But all big game is gone. The sportsman of a few hours must content himself with blue jays, mocking-birds, robins, redheads, and a large sparrow-like bird which some call grouse. Nor are such small fry to be despised gastronomically. I have lunched very fairly off a Florida robin, which for flavour and plumpness cannot easily be matched; and Jacksonville has a hundred cooks who could tickle a gourmand's palate with a Florida bird-stew. As for the bears, panthers, and deer, the last may be bought in the meat-market at fifteen cents the pound, and the two first may be dreamed of. With the alligators, however, it is different. They may be seen alive and dead in several shops in Bay Street—young ones, whose length is measured by inches only, kept in tanks for purchasers, looking plaintively unhappy as they wallow in the shallow water, and flounder helplessly over and under each other; and old ones, either whole and stuffed, or skinned and made into port-manteaux, boots, and shoes, book-covers, satchels, and what not—the teeth being noticeably abundant, and mounted for use as pins, necklaces, brooches, earrings, etc.

Yet, though so civilised, there is always the element of savagery remaining in Jacksonville, in the persons of its coloured inhabitants; so a white man once explained it to me. The coloured folk are as happy as colliers at half-a-guinea a day, so long as they can get plenty to eat and drink; their high spirits are certainly instinctive, and in no measure diminished by a consciousness of their blackness, or their deficiency in intellectual culture. And their prosperity is commensurate with that of Jacksonville. But only a few years ago, when there was a strike among the workers at the saw-mills down the river,

and several hundred blacks, in a state of irritation, were loosed about the city, there was serious trouble in Jacksonville. Given an angry black in any one of the Southern States, and at least one very angry white may safely be postulated. These five or six hundred blacks soon had the city in an uproar, what with their tongues and the inane practice of firing revolvers in the air for intimidation, or self-encouragement; and very quickly the white citizens associated and armed themselves, to the number of fifty or sixty. Then came the tug of war, and in a day or two the darkies were at work again, except some thirty of them, who were either killed or wounded. This is a sombre episode. But since then whites and blacks have gone in steadily for accumulating money, or money's worth, and with such success, among these latter, that pianos may be heard right and left during a walk after sundown in the coloured residents' part of the city, and the coloured gentlemen and ladies alike are able to indulge themselves in unlimited medicines and fine clothes.

Jacksonville may be seen at its very best on a sunny day in January or February. Then it is that the glitter of shops and stores proves most irresistible; the clear bright atmosphere enhances everything and everybody, and the lady or gentleman who finds it inconvenient to join in the pretty general promenade of the chief street, or is indisposed to idle, or pose statuesquely in public, loses a sight worth seeing. The throng of people is distinctly cosmopolitan in its characteristics. Oddities in long hair and fantastic raiment from Texas and the West, where convention is a myth, walk side-by-side with the latest "dude," or masher, from New York or Boston. Fine ladies in Paris fashions, and beautiful girls just a trifle too self-conscious of their beauty, elbow laughing coloured ladies in prints, with blue full-moons on a white background, their bonnets stuck well on the rear of their heads, so that no part of their countenances may be hid from the eyes of an admiring mankind. A gentleman from Kentucky, sallow and with conspicuous cheek-bones, goes arm-in-arm with an ex-planter from Virginia, both smoking furiously, and discussing Congress peccadilloes loud enough for a hundred others to hear them. A couple of native Floridians ("crackers," as they are locally called), followed by a boy, the son of one of them, are noteworthy for the speckled and corpse-complexioned faces which mark them from

the rest of the world, hardly less than for their look of extreme imbecility, and want of interest in anything. They have their hands in their pockets, their eyes lack lustre, and their mouths are open. Talk to one of them on any subject save oranges, sugar-cane, tobacco, mules, or women, and the chances are he will be completely dazed.

Behind the "crackers" comes one of Jacksonville's most eminent physicians, a little dark man with spectacles on his nose, and a quick, nervous step indicative of the enquiring and active mind within him. Yet, like ninety per cent. of the men around him, he was not born in Jacksonville. He is a Frenchman from Orleans, and was middle-aged when he came to an anchor in the Orange State, which suits his health, and brings him as many patients at five dollars a visit as he cares to have. For, by a merciful dispensation of Providence, there comes a time annually to almost every resident in Florida when the conviction that he has a liver, and that the liver is out of order, is forced home to him. Universal cures for fever and ague, chills and liver-complaint, may be, as they are, placarded on the cypress and pine-trees up and down the river-banks, in the midst of forests traversed only by thin white tracks, or on deserted nigger shanties miles away from regular human habitations, such quackeries are certainly to be had at country drug-stores from country practitioners—but well-brought-up people had much better go to a city physician with a reputation gained and to be maintained.

Nor must I forget the Britishers in the Jacksonville streets. They do not exactly swarm, but the number of them is truly remarkable, and they are discerned without much inquisitiveness. The "bunko" man—a local rascal who claims friendship with you and coaxes you into a beershop, with ulterior designs on your pocket—makes sure of a prey when he sees a new Englishman strolling a little aimlessly across the sandy tramway-track of the road. For the young English emigrant of the middle class, with several hundred dollars of capital in greenbacks in his pocket, has a knack of looking very much more stupid and incapable than he really is, just as the young American of the States is fond of apeing an omniscience and worldly wisdom which he is very far indeed from possessing. It is possible the "bunko" man does succeed more often than not with these new arrivals—succeed moderately, that is. For he makes a

caressing appeal to the heart of his victim at a time when that heart is maybe feeling the want of a little sympathy of some kind. But the Englishman is much less thorough a victim than the hobbledehoy of a mother's pride from some well-established sleepy country town of Indiana or Ohio, who has seduced or bullied his fond parent into sending him South with all the family dollars that can be spared, so that he may buy an orange-grove and secure an easy and regular income for his loved ones and himself in the future. The cut of his clothes denotes the Englishman, even if oftentimes his superior physique did not proclaim him, and his red-and-white complexion sufficiently indicates him as a stranger to warm suns in unbroken continuity. Moreover, his tongue is considerably more civil to the casual wayfarer—even if a "bunko" man—who accosts him, though at the same time his eyes may look with incredible surprise and self-conceit into the eyes of the other. "You want a deal of licking, you Britishers, before you can be made to understand there's others in the world as sharp, and that's as good as your own dear selves. While you're thinking of turning up your coat-cuffs, an American has got his pine down and branched," said a veteran Southerner to me, and he went on to say how this attitude in my countrymen gained for them a great deal of ridicule, not a little envy, and therefore very little real goodwill. Besides the emigrant Englishman, there is the well-to-do Englishman, the director, may be, of a Florida Land Company, the man with an income of thousands a year in England, who hopes to establish in Florida what will soon bring him in thousands more. He is conspicuous on his horse, and by his riding in the saddle when he forces a trot. A smart man, he is proclaimed to be by the score of American financiers who drop cards at his hotel—the Windsor—as soon as his arrival in the city is announced in the daily paper; but this does not hinder them from trying to cut diamond with diamond, to pit Wall Street dodges against his board-room wisdom. And if the rich Englishman have an English lady or two in his following, also mounted, why it is only so much additional proclamation of nationality; for the grace of an English horsewoman is the inheritance of centuries, and much more attractive than the free-and-easy way in which an American young lady allows herself to be pitched and tossed about with every motion of her horse.

But perhaps a general view of the sojourners in the city may best be obtained at the post-office from nine to eleven a.m., when letters are being distributed. Here men and women, black and white, rich and poor, honest men and rogues, help to form lengthy "queues," which sometimes bend and double outside, along the pavement, and into the roadway—a human obstruction which ordinary passers-by now and then have difficulty in bisecting. A coloured man, bare-footed, unwashed, oily, odoriferous, and in rags, is equitably sandwiched between a New York millionaire, who will trust no one to fetch his letters but himself, and a gentleman from Paris with snowy Byronic collar, close-cut hair, irreproachable gloves, and a well-curled beaver. Here a nigger damsel, with jewels from her ears, on her fingers, and about her neck, wearing a hat with an overshadowing ostrich-feather trailing behind, in a red body, a blue skirt, and bits of white filigree work for lace in her bosom and at her wrists, may be seen standing expectantly with a Sister of Mercy before her; while behind, with curled lips and ineffable disdain on her face, a fair thing from Boston, in high-heeled shoes and garments of the most bewitching æsthetic tints and textures, is compelled by the laws of an enlightened generation of humanity to take her stand. There is no manifest rudeness on the part of some who are in a hurry to get served before others, though knit brows, restless turning to and fro of bodies, and the beating of feet show that the volcano of impatience would like to find a vent if it did but dare. This absence of hauteur between man and man is less remarkable to an Englishman in these days than it was half a century ago. We should not now be so ready to explain it as "sweetness of temper" as was Miss Martineau, though this lady's words on the subject may be worth remembering. "I imagine," she says, "that the practice of forbearance requisite in a republic is answerable for this peculiarity. In a republic no man can in theory overbear his neighbour; nor, as he values his own rights, can he do it much or long in practice. The right of grumbling and protestation is a time-honoured privilege with us when we have, or think we have, a grievance; and long may it be ere we determine to substitute revolvers for the growls which at present happily suffice to purge us of our evil humours, and restore us to comparative

equanimity. It seems a pity that a man should sit so hard on a passion, as it were, unconsciously forcing it, until suddenly it blows him asunder, and destroys others besides himself, whereas a little judicious air would have dissipated its malignity, and then put an end to it altogether."

The St. John's River has been called "the glory of Jacksonville," and I think all who know the city will forgive the phrase. Whether seen by the morning light, when the grey-blue mist is lifting from its surface, momentarily uncovering yard after yard of it, or when the full glare of the midday sun is dazzlingly mirrored in its waters, or lastly, when the sun is going fast, red as an orange, behind the green tops of the forest trees, which come to the water's edge, where it makes a noble curve towards Palatka, and the thin mist again begins to gather for the night, the river is an absorbing feature of the place. Where the city stands it may be a mile in width, but it broadens to three and four miles when you get past yon headland of pines on the other bank. Looking up the river from the railway-station, it is as though one were at the head of a lake whose other end is lost in the horizon. And night and day the river is churned by the commodious little steamers which, during the winter months, are crowded with visitors, prospectors, and settlers, for the fifteen hours' journey up stream to Sanford, and return laden with hundreds of boxes of oranges and well-satisfied tourists. Never have I heard such enthusiasm as that of old world travelled men on board these boats after a voyage up and down the St. John's.

"Seen any alligators?" one of these men was asked when he landed at the Jacksonville wharf.

"Alligators be hanged! I've seen the finest country in the world, and going begging too."

This was a year ago, and there is much less of it going begging now.

A very fine land view of Jacksonville may be seen by walking a mile or so from the Savannah railway track, up the dreadfully sandy road which runs due south into the forest, after serving the few choice villas surrounded with small orange-groves which here skirt the river-bank. When the road comes to an end, you are on a springy turf, with pines to the right and left, a dense forest growth before you, the incessant chirruping of grasshoppers on all sides, and multitudes of bees and butterflies in the air about you. Plunge into the thicket, first

taking your bearings of the river, which is glistening beyond and below, past this mighty pine with a gash in his side, whence the sap has been drawn, over the tiresome palmetto-roots, which have intertwined like so many serpents' coils, under the shadow of this magnificent magnolia, one hundred and twenty feet high at least, until you are at the water's edge. Here, maybe, you will be conscious of an unpleasant change of temperature, an odd damp warmth proceeding from the rank vegetation about you; but you need not stay long enough to inhale the germs of malaria. Looked at from this point, Jacksonville reminds one of Canaletto's pictures of Venice. Here is the blue sky overhead, the sparkling water in the foreground, the long façades of the hotels and chief buildings of the city, red, white, and olive-colour; the taper masts of half-a-dozen merchantmen clear against the houses; two or three white sails on the water, while the smoke from a steamer getting ready to leave her moorings drifts leisurely through the air. There are no factory-chimneys to mar the picture, but just sufficient marks of commercial activity to give life to what else would seem a mere picture, divorced from human interest.

Then, back, if you will, into the city, and to the wharves lately viewed from a distance. The steamer, getting herself into going order, is taking freight for the river-side places of call—a bedstead and a stove for this settler, a keg of nails and a piano for that, a span of oxen for a sleepy "cracker" who knows nothing of Watt's invention, and a milch-cow for a nigger whose crop of sugar-cane has been such as to allow of the investment. Coloured workers are running the packages on board, with many a whoop, solacing themselves, maybe, for their extraordinary exertion by the hope of a snooze as soon as the boat is under weigh. On the other side of the wharf a brace of nigger urchins are fishing. They have good sport, if sport be their object, for the fish are so plentiful, and the water is so clear, that they can drop their bait (a morsel of pork-rind) before the very nose of their intended victim. A yard of sugar-cane, coloured like a well-smoked meerschaum, lies between them, and, when the business in hand is not too enthralling, the youngsters bite an inch off the cane, each keeping to his own end. For five cents you may buy an entire ratoon, eight, nine, or even ten feet long, from the

proprietor of the little sloop anchored near the nigger boys. He has brought the produce of his patch to market, and is only waiting a purchaser.

Passing to the next wharf, we find two large schooners alongside, both flying British colours. They are from Nassau in the Bahamas, and after a stormy passage have reached Jacksonville with a cargo of bananas, cocoa-nuts, fancy seaweed, dried starfish, corals, and shells. By peeping into the hold of one of them, you may see hundreds of fine banana-clusters, mostly unripe, suspended to mature, and a ton or two of nuts for ballast. The Boston and New York ladies are fond of coral and such conches as the West Indies produce; and a little huckstering with these heavy, bronzed seamen who are joint partners in the cargo, is a pleasant enough pastime for an hour or so. They do not care to carry their purchases home, however; a nigger-boy saves them this trouble for a nickel.

The next is an oyster-wharf, where three or four boats are forced almost to the water's-edge by the weight of their cargoes. The oyster-merchant is overlooking the clearance of his goods, which are being shovelled into buckets and thence into barrels as fast as nigger arms can do the work. Ask the man if they are good quality, and he will reply by knocking the end off one of them with his knife, and politely presenting you with the quivering bivalve. Close by a rough counter is rigged up, where a plateful of the dainties may be eaten in the shade for a matter of ten cents.

The fish-market is a step or two farther on. It is a mere shed, the floor littered with the different catches of the enterprising fishermen or boys, in twos, threes, or fours, strung together by means of a stout rush passed through the gills of the fishes. There is not much variety, and you are in luck's way if you carry off anything but a mullet, about the flavour of which there are at least two opinions.

The meat market is a larger and more commodious building on another wharf, convenient for the disposal of offal and refuse. One does not exactly go through this place for the pleasure of the walk, there being at all times a smell here which is not pleasant, however nutritious. But, apart from this, there is abundance of fat

and lean to choose from; though a well-travelled Chicago beefsteak is but a poor concern in comparison with the juicy steak of a Fleet Street chop-house. As for mutton in Jacksonville, one marvels how the sheep lived, and why it died, the while one tries to enjoy a part of it. There is a very satisfactory show of dead fowls and turkeys, with here and there a rabbit, a squirrel, or a skinned 'coon, a shoulder of venison, or a bit of a bear. Among the vegetables, the eye rests on the green and red tomatoes (it is January, if you please), the flame-coloured pumpkins, and the purple egg-plants, careless of such common products as potatoes, whether sweet or Irish, or cabbages ready to burst with plumpness at five cents apiece. Oranges there are in abundance, but outside the market. Two or three boatloads are heavily rising and falling with the wash of the river, pending the time when the lordly commission-agent shall deign to cast an eye on them, or the auctioneer shall come to knock them down at so much a hundred to the highest bidder. When such a sale as this is on the carpet, it is well to join the crowd who are supposed to be possible purchasers, and take your orange for sample as composedly as you can. I have seen a portly and very well-to-do gentleman from Philadelphia, who was wintering in Jacksonville for his health, go from sale-place to sale-place, and suck orange after orange without a suggestion of conscience in his face, and only opening his mouth to expel the pips. Talking of pips, however, no one Florida born would think of wasting these oranges in embryo by throwing them away; their market value is so many dollars the bushel.

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